

The CASTLE of LIES

BY ARTHUR HENDY VESSEY
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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

He attempted to close the door again. Finding that impossible, his presence of mind deserted him. I brushed by him, and had pushed open the door at the head of the stairway before he could come to a decision.

"Wait here!" I said in a tone of command. "I have an appointment with Madame de Varnier. You were coming for me, of course?"

"No," he answered sullenly. "Madam is at her devotions; she is not to be disturbed."

"I am the best judge of that," I added again. "Wait here!"

I found myself in a great barn-like room when I had locked the door behind me at the head of the staircase. It was lighted dimly by narrow windows placed high against the roof of rafters, and was almost bare of furniture. At the three angles of this room were three closed doors. So far the crafty knave had told the truth.

But in which of these rooms should I find Madame de Varnier? And in which Captain Forbes? It availed me little to have penetrated so far into the enemy's stronghold unless I could accomplish still more. At any moment Alphonse might give the alarm, and I wished to take Madame de Varnier by surprise.

I began to make a circuit of the triangular room. I paused at each door and knocked softly. At none of the rooms did I receive any response. I was at once perplexed and dismayed. There was no reason why either Captain Forbes or Madame de Varnier should keep silence.

And then a menacing thought struck me. Perhaps my crafty knave, Jacques, had been more cunning than I had given him the credit of being. What if he had cleverly whetted my curiosity, acting on instructions from Dr. Starva? What if Alphonse had deliberately lured me here? What if I were a prisoner myself?

Dismayed that I should have been so great a fool, I again made the round of each of the doors, not knocking this time, but shaking the handle of each. And as I seized the handle of the third door, it yielded to the touch and swung silently on its hinges.

I stood at the lintel, abashed at my angry intrusion. It was the oratory of Madame de Varnier. Little larger than a closet, and in shape a half crescent, the walls were hung with purple velvet. Facing me was an altar. Two tapers flickered on either side of the crucifix.

Before the altar, her eyes bent to the crucifix, knelt Madame de Varnier, the adventuress, absorbed in her devotions. Even my entrance was unnoticed.

But it was not pious of this extraordinary woman that held me petrified in astonishment and speechless. Within arm's reach, as I stood there, was a tier. And on it, his hands crossed on his breast, his pallid face strangely calm, lay the mortal remains of him whom I knew at once to be Sir Mortimer Brett.

It was a terrifying apparition. Terrifying, because it might have been myself lying there, so strikingly similar at first sight was the likeness of myself to the dead minister. But as the candles, which had flickered in the draught made by the open door, burned more steadily and I looked at his face closely I saw that after all the resemblance was but superficial. I recovered my senses. Now at last I was to know the truth.

Twice I opened my lips to call to the woman who knelt there. But I could not bring myself to speak. The holy dead banished passion from this place. Here I could not reproach and threaten her. I stood silently at the threshold, pitying rather than condemning, waiting for her to discover my presence.

Minutes passed before she turned her head. Our eyes met, myself sternly questioning with a look. Startled she was at my dramatic entrance, but she met my stern look in absolute calm. No terror or shadow of guilt distorted her tragic beauty. I had come to demand justice, to demand justice. I found myself rather pitying.

"Madame de Varnier," I said gently, "the hour has come when you must tell me the truth."

I raised her to her feet and led her from the oratory, closing the door behind me. She clung to me in the fervor of her appeal.

"Yes," she whispered, "it is the hour when you must know the truth."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the Tower of the Three Rooms. The great room of the central tower was almost bare of furniture, as I have said. In the center was a long table such as one sometimes sees in the refectory of a monastery. Half a dozen chairs stood against the walls. I placed two of these chairs near the table.

"Not here," she cried, glancing toward the little room we had left.

"And why not?" Here at least we shall be free from interruption."

Golden Rule to Live By. Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep—that's the golden rule and the only one to live by. Money will never get its grip on you if you keep this up.—F. Hopkinson Smith, "Peter."

They Want to Know. The charitable people of London have formed a union to see that the money given by them is properly spent.

She went to the door of the stair-case. "It is locked," she cried, startled. "Yes, I have taken the precaution of seeing that we are not disturbed," I said calmly. "Now, madam, in which of those two rooms is Captain Forbes a prisoner?"

"By my knowledge surprised her, she concealed her chagrin cleverly. She gestured to the room at the right of the oratory."

"And perhaps the key of the staircase unlocks that door as well?" She shook her head, smiling at me defiantly.

"Has your servant the key?" "No."

"Then, where is it?" "Women are supposed not to have pockets. But I can hide a key about my person as well as you. How did you find your way here?"

"I surprised Alphonse opening the door of the staircase behind the tapestry."

"Ah, you are clever. I knew it," she cried approvingly.

"This is no time for compliments. Captain Forbes must be released."

"And if I refuse?" "I shall insist."

"Very well, I refuse."

I looked my perplexity. Though we

were so near the chamber of death, with the facile light-heartedness of the Latin race she banished his grim memory. This woman had nerves of steel. She moved in callous indifference from tragic scenes to those of flippant comedy. Or perhaps she saw the uselessness of enraging me.

"If I compel you forcibly—" "Do American gentlemen assault their bestresses?"

"She had me at a complete disadvantage. To carry out my threat was impossible."

"Come, madam, let us come to terms."

"Gladly, monsieur." She swept me a mock courtesy.

"And they are?" "He shall walk out of the chateau when you have heard my story."

"Even if I refuse to help you?" She hesitated a moment. "Yes," she promised with a sigh.

I put no great faith in that promise. Nothing was simpler than for her to promise. But if presently she still refused, I could resort to extreme measures, unless as readily as now. If Captain Forbes was indeed a prisoner of Madame de Varnier, and she actually did have in her possession the key that would open the door of his prison, I held Madame de Varnier equally at a disadvantage.

"He is unharmed, then?" "A scratch or two, perhaps. But to a brave soldier it is nothing. He is a taciturn visitor, your Captain Forbes. I confess that the methods of Dr. Starva are not too delicate in essence. But since he has committed the blunder of detaining him, I prefer not to make it worse by releasing him—just yet."

I accepted her decision in silence. "I could have wished you in a more favorable mood, monsieur," she said wistfully. "I am afraid you will listen to me as a judge rather than as a friend."

"Found Out Her Mistake. 'Is that you, Frank?' asked Mrs. Tippins. In a nervous voice, as she heard some one moving about in the darkness."

"It is," replied Mr. Tippins. "You gave me such a shock. I thought at first there was a man in the house."—Stray Stories.

Stirring Times. "What was the excitement over at the Hobbly residence?" "A bee managed to get into the bathroom through the window blinds while Hobbly was taking a bath."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Have Foz-Making Monopoly. For centuries the Moslem population of Turkey has made the fez the head covering of men, but the manufacture of fezes is almost monopolized now by large concerns in Vienna.

Colors of Gold. The yellowest gold comes from Alaska placers, the reddest from the Ural, California gold is yellow in hue, that from Australia reddish.

No Kick on Their Part. "I notice they are sprinkling the boulevard with oil. Oil rots rubber, doesn't it?" "Not so far as I know. I haven't heard a word of complaint on the part of automobile repairers."

Always Welcome. Even those who marry for love alone do not object to a little money on the side.

"Be sure of this: If I am to help you it will be only to save you perhaps from the consequences of your folly."

"Myself!" she protested passionately. "Merciful Heaven, I am not thinking of myself. Sometimes the indulgent must be sacrificed to save a race. Did Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday think of themselves? Life, honor—everything—I sacrifice them a thousand times to save my country."

She was no longer the saint praying for the dead at the altar. A fierce energy possessed her. Her words filled me with something akin to horror. She extolled a murderer. Were her own hands red with murder?

"It is the price I must pay," she continued gloomily. "I pay it without murmuring. If I were a man I should be fighting for my poor people with the sword. I am a weak woman. I must fight with a woman's weapons. Sometimes those weapons have been spying, even what you might call treachery. Say that you despise me."

"The story," I cried. "Your prelude, madam, is not fortunate."

She shook her head wearily. Did she despair already of my aid?

"Nevertheless, I say these weapons are sometimes necessary in my unequal fight for an oppressed race. When I use them against enemies, far from feeling remorse or pity, I glory in causing pain. But sometimes there crosses my path one whom I respect, who is generous and strong. It is then that I shudder at the suffering I must cause. But I do not spare him, however brave and generous he may be."

"Such a one was Sir Mortimer Brett," I interrupted sternly.

"For my country I glory that Sir Mortimer has stooped to dishonor. For my country you must bear the burden of his dishonor."

She spoke rapidly, her voice rising from a whisper to a cry that was strident and harsh. She made strange gestures as though she were in physical pain, striking the table with her open palm as she spoke the last words.

"I must bear the burden of Sir Mortimer's dishonor!"

Now that the words were spoken I knew that I had expected them. For this I had come to the chateau. This was my task.

"You will do this—not for me; I am not so mad as to dream that now. I am your enemy in spite of myself. Presently you will despise me and hate me. But you cannot escape from the ordeal. But for that other woman—the woman you have sworn to help—for her you will make the sacrifice."

"You speak in riddles," I said coldly. "Enough of vague menace and warning."

"She will go down on her knees to you. She will offer you any reward, any happiness. In saving the honor of her name, you must stoop to dishonor."

"Never! Honor is not to be purchased in that coin."

"Or what the world calls dishonor," she added in eager haste. "It is the motive that exalts the deed. Is it not always noble to suffer for another? And it is not merely the happiness of one woman I place in your hands. It is the chastity of a thousand women—the appeasing of the hunger of ten thousand children—the destiny of a race."

"You will find that I am not to be moved by these heroics. Tell me how I am to save the honor of Sir Mortimer Brett."

"What! In the sight of God is a lie," she continued vehemently, heedless of my impudence. "If it will save the pure soul of a young girl, if it will give back children to their mothers? Say boldly that I am asking you to act like a fool. Look, we will no longer fool ourselves. I ask you to do a little evil that much good may come. I ask you

to submit to disgrace, not merely for this woman of your own society, but that you may be the savior of a nation. Monsieur, be merciful!"

"The facts!" I insisted.

"First of all, though it may weary you, I wish to tell you a little of myself. My parents were of that most unhappy race, the Macedonian Christians. My father was rich for that country; we were happy. But when I was a child I was awakened one night by the crash of musketry and the glare of flames. The Turkish butchers had attacked our village. I saw my sister snatched from her mother's arms and stabbed before my eyes. A blow fell my mother. My father was thrown to earth, mangled and trodden upon. I was taken captive."

"My fate would have been even more horrible had I not been the captive of a Turkish officer who was kind to me and adopted me. But he was one of that hated race, and secretly I tolerated his kindness only to be revenged. In some way he offended the Sultan; my protector was banished. We lived in Paris."

"At last the hour of my vengeance came. He had an enemy, one of his own race. I betrayed him. He died a violent death, and that night, I think, I was happy."

"I found myself rich; he had left me everything. I was beautiful and well educated; a life of pleasure lay before me. Well, I have drunk deep of the cup of pleasure. But that I might be happy? No. If I have banished with princes, it was to learn their secrets. I have flattered and caajoled enemies that I might betray them. Sometimes I have betrayed my friends."

In short, I am consecrated to my country. For her I have made myself an adventuress. If I could not directly further her cause, there were secrets to be bought and sold at a price. The money purchased bread and arms. I have schemed, intrigued, betrayed, tempted—always to bring Macedonia one step nearer her freedom."

"Madame de Varnier," I interrupted, with a brutal directness, "at any other time these personal reminiscences might be interesting enough, but now—"

"You are adamant," she cried despairingly. "It is impossible, it seems, to awaken your sympathy. Then I must appeal to your intelligence. You must understand something of the political situation."

"I know enough of that already. Once more I must beg you to come to the episode of Sir Mortimer Brett."

"How can you know anything of the complexities of the Balkan situation?" she demanded, at once startled and surprised.

"Suffice it that I know this: Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will invade Turkish Macedonia, and free that territory from the Turkish yoke, if his army is financed by Kuhn, a banker of New York City but a Macedonian by birth. This banker makes one stipulation: Bulgaria must have England's promise of her moral support; England must promise Bulgaria a free field. Sir Mortimer Brett was to have gained that promise from England. You made Sir Mortimer the victim of your intrigues. How, and to what extent—that is what I wish to know."

"I was sent to Sofia to accomplish that. It seemed a hopeless task. For 15 years he had resisted every bribe, every threat and bribe. He had the absolute confidence of the British Foreign Office. But it was necessary to win him over at any cost. We had secret information to the effect that if he advised England's interference she would interfere."

"You are impatient; I shall not weary you by telling of my efforts. Sir Mortimer was a cold man and extremely difficult of approach. For some time I despaired of influencing him. But I learned at last that beneath his calm exterior was actually a heart that throbbed—for the sufferings of Macedonia."

"How did you learn this?" I demanded, curiously, as she paused.

"You will despise me the more when I tell you," she replied hesitatingly, and her face was scarlet. I stole his diary. It seems atrocious to you that I should so have repaid his kindness; but I have told you that to play the spy, to be the high priestess of cunning, has been my lot. That diary revealed to me Sir Mortimer's true character."

"I have said that he was extremely reserved, a virtue that all diplomats must possess. He was never to be tricked or excited into a rash statement. Every word he spoke with the precision of an automaton, because every spoken word was weighed."

"And he found relief by giving expression to his emotions in his diary?" "Yes, what he had hidden from the world there he revealed; and in the pages of this diary I learned too many facts that were of vital importance to me."

"I think I can guess them," I said coldly. "First, that Sir Mortimer loved you, secondly, that he was tempted to put an end to the atrocities in Macedonia by advocating England's support of Bulgaria."

"Since you have taken the first fact for granted, I shall not contradict you. But I told you that Sir Mortimer found relief in his diary for the emotions which he sternly repressed before the world. As to your second guess, it is only partially correct. I learned much more than that. I learned that he was in correspondence with the banker, Otto Kuhn. He had given to this banker a half promise that he would do his utmost to influence England, provided that Kuhn financed the invasion in a sufficiently liberal manner to insure its success."

"And with the information obtained so treacherously your task was easy?" (Continued on Page Fourteen.)

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. C. T. U.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MISS FRIEDA DRESSEL.

MRS. U. WAY.

"In Freedom's cause! My country, home so blest! Land that I love the best! Home of the free! Long was thy freedom sought. Brave were the men who fought Who gave us lives, and bought Our liberty!"

Awake, young men, awake! Too much is now at stake. For dream by night! Strike off the shackles now! Make drunk the tyrant bow! Thy prayer includes a vow To vote for right."

The Danger of Beverages Containing Alcohol.

In President Jefferson's administration the use of beverages containing alcohol had grown to an alarming extent. Liquor was drunk as freely as water, and it was a social, ministers and clergymen drinking as freely as any people.

After the war of 1812 the people became alarmed at the extent of intemperance and during President Monroe's term of office (1817-1825) the first great temperance league was organized at Boston (1824) and by 1830 thousands had joined the fight for temperance.

The use of alcohol is America's greatest curse. It destroys the work of the schools, the work of the churches, the work of the nation of thousands of its citizens, it leaves poverty and ruin in the stead of wealth and happiness.

Alcohol enters the body the same way in which food does, by means of the digestive tube, but instead of building up, it destroys it. When we eat a sufficient amount of food we are satisfied, but not so with alcohol, it builds up an appetite which ever increases.

Alcohol beverages unite so rapidly with water that they extract the fluids of the body from the healthy tissues and in this way become tissue destroyers and not tissue builders. They disorganize bodily functions, and cause the brain to act inefficiently. While technically speaking it may be called a food, practically it is a poison and there is always danger in its use. The fullest effects of alcoholic beverages upon the body have not been determined, but enough is known to justify the statement that at all times its effects are injurious and not necessary to the highest aims of life.

Many diseases are incurred through the excessive use of alcoholic beverages, some of them fatal such as, a fatal disease of the liver and kidney, as well as chronic indigestion, disease of the eye and of the arteries. The best authorities say that there is not a single kind of nervous disease known that cannot be caused by alcoholic excesses. The fact that habitual use of alcoholic beverages causes so much insanity is an indication of the disastrous effects that it has on the brain and in more moderate use materially effects the rapidity and accuracy of thought. They make one incapable of study application and tend to make the mind act more slowly. One has only to listen to the talk of one under the influence of alcohol to see its deadly power upon the brain.

In a word, the use of alcohol in any form does not contribute to the health of the human body. Think of the joy of possessing a good body, well built, by the use of good food and pure water, and well proportioned exercise, regular exercise. Strive to treat your body so that it will be found rich in clean, pure blood, possess nerves that are steady and true in their actions, a brain clear as a bell and a mind that is quick and accurate in its operations. That is the aim of the more stimulant is needed but pure air, proper exercise, wholesome food and healthful sunshine. In using alcohol one runs the risk of losing one or more of these priceless qualities so necessary to happy useful people. Alcoholic beverages in any form help to place one on the borderland of danger and when once the habit is formed and there is an awakening of the individual to his condition he must battle with all the strength of his weakened body to regain that which he has lost by thoughtless or willful negligence. (Signed) RHEA BOYLE.

The above essay was awarded the \$5 prize offered by the Ogden W. C. T. U. to the 7th and 8th grades of our public schools.

THE LAW-ABIDING SALOONKEEPER.

The beautiful submission of the average liquor dealer to the law is a fact which they once declare that they do not want the traffic around them, is shown by the following dispatch from Jackson, Miss., of recent date:

"Several well known dealers now engaged in the jug trade and who have built up a large business in 'dry' towns, are arranging to open estate saloons in Memphis and New Orleans."

"It is stated down at Natchez several liquor dealers have arranged to open establishments just across the river at Vidalia, La., and have organized an express and telegraph company, the sole purpose of which, it is alleged, will be for the transmission and delivery of orders for liquor."

"A similar plan is in course of formation at Vicksburg, and it is understood that liquor dealers at Greenville will also arrange to carry on interstate business."

Of a piece with this is the advertisement in liquor journals already of complete lists of addresses of citizens in the dry counties of Ohio, for the purpose of helping liquor houses get liquor to those who want it. These lists are now on sale and the liquor organs state that active steps are being taken by wholesale houses to thoroughly canvass the dry counties of Ohio and circulate every citizen as to where he can get unlimited whiskey.

All this, of course, is intended to convince the average voter of the good faith with which the liquor traffic accepts the will of the people regarding the liquor traffic among them and its beautiful respect for public sentiment.—American Issue.

ATTORNEY GENERAL JACKSON AT WORK IN KANSAS.

In his prosecution of jointists in Kansas, Attorney General Jackson uses tactics which are effective against places where liquor is sold.

Whenever he gets an injunction against a jointist he also gets a supplemental order from the court directing the sheriff to sell the property in which the joint is located, and the proceeds pay the costs of the prosecution. Usually the jointist doesn't own the property; he rents it from some business man who does not object to tainted money as long as it does not come his way. In other words, the property is held for the fines and penalties assessed on the joint. This has rendered it practically impossible for jointists to rent a building in Kansas. Owners would rather let their buildings lie idle than to run the risk of paying the costs.

There was a bad bunch of jointists in Cherokee county up to within a few weeks, when Attorney General Jackson swooped down upon them, locally and shut up everything with his injunctions. Pending prosecutions he put a scare on the jointists in all in the county, enjoined their joints from operating, and put padlocks on nearly every one in the county. The hardware stores of the county sold all their stock of padlocks and the officers had to order some from Pittsburgh. In an adjoining county.—American Issue.

RACE SUICIDE AS VIEWED BY A WOMAN

Woman is charged with having lost the God-given desire to become a wife and mother. Various reasons are assigned for this, but I have seen no mention of what I believe to be the greatest cause of this loss. It is not because our nation has refused to protect the home that the American woman refuses to become a wife and mother. She has wept, prayed and petitioned our state and national governments to protect the home of the home of this country some protection from the greatest curse this world has ever known. But instead of granting her request "this land of the free and home of the brave" has gone into partnership with the home destroyer, so the only refuge for the woman is in her own home. "Go make home, be patient, bear children, and each year we will only lay about 100,000 of them in the drunkard's graves, and we cannot tell how many of them we will place in almshouses, county jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums. It is not because of want of love, a puddle dog more than a baby that she chooses the dog, but if she pays the tax and puts a collar on her dog she is protected by the law from the dog slayer; but tell me, if you can, how a mother can protect her boy? She went down the gates of death to give him birth. She counts this as naught for the joy that a man child is born. She watches over him, sleeping and waking, warns him of the dangers of the intoxicating cup, but it avails not. Ere the flush of youth has left his cheek she sees him offered as sacrifice on the altar of his nation's greed."

What wonder that woman buys a ranch, goes into sheep raising instead of raising boys? Woolgrowers are protected, and if the wolves should abound our government would pay so much per head for their destruction. But the destroyer of woman is protected by law; his business is legalized. When the voters of the country make the raising of children a safe business, then will our daughters become wives and joyful mothers of children. "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—Union Signal.

ELIZABETH A. IVEY.

A REFORMED RACETRACK.

When even the racetracks get to cutting out liquor selling, times would seem to be getting pretty strenuous for "the trade." There has usually been supposed to be a sort of mutual sympathy between horse racing and whiskey.

But the present temperance revival throughout the country appears to have broken even this connection, in part at least, in Texas.

There is a big racing association in Texas which holds its yearly meet at Beaumont. That it is the genuine thing, composed of all the usual purportances and accompanying which belong to such outfits, is shown by the fact that it provides special facilities for the ladies in the grandstand who may want to bet on the horse racing. But when it can stand booze dispensers any longer. A dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer racing columns of recent date says:

"There is another matter that is perhaps worthy of more than a passing notice. During this meet there have been no intoxicants sold upon or near the racing grounds. The nearest

saloon is three miles distant, in the heart of Beaumont, and few have had time to get to town and get a drink between races. This meet has without a doubt been the cleanest and most satisfactory race meeting ever held in this part of Texas."

Well, well! When it comes to cutting whiskey off from a racetrack in Texas a pretty large section of the millennium would seem to be lying around rather close to the United States.—American Issue.

The W. C. T. U. held a business meeting Wednesday afternoon, at which it was planned to circulate petitions in favor of prohibition and to remind the representatives from this county that the organization wants prohibition and will not be satisfied with any license law.

A letter ordered sent the mayor asking for the closing of all places of amusement on Sunday. Following is the letter:

Ogden, February 2, 1909. To the Honorable Mayor of Ogden City:

Dear Sir—We, the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Ogden, composed of 120 of your fellow citizens, voted at the last regular meeting to ask you to exercise your duty as mayor of the city, to enforce the law prohibiting the Sunday theater.

We believe it to be demoralizing to our citizens, in that it tends to destroy all the sacredness of a day on the observance of which the very foundations of our Christian government was built and on which it still rests.

We believe that the theater because it brings the theater a certain amount of labor for those furnishing the entertainment, also tends to destroy the day as one of rest for the laboring world and that if persisted in, America will gradually become like some of the countries on the continent—a nation without a rest day and consequently a physically weak nation.

For the above reasons we ask you to close the Sunday theater.

Resolved, That the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ogden, has seen with surprise the criticisms made therein in view of the evils of this city, which are so much more in need of correction.

Resolved, That if there is any reform needed by Ogden, from keeping the young people off the streets at night, to the abolition of the theater, in which Mr. Elderkin is not interested, we have failed to find what that reform is.

Resolved, That we believe that there are few men in Ogden who have so many or such loyal friends among the young people, both in and out of his church and very justly so, and be it further:

Resolved, That we believe his unfailing hopefulness and his Christian faith in the final triumph of all good things as well as his utter fearlessness, not only makes him a fine example for the young, but renders him worthy of our utmost confidence and support in his battle against evil.

Finally, be it resolved, That not Mr. Elderkin nor his manner of criticism of municipal evils is the issue, but the municipal evils themselves, especially the one of non-enforcement of the laws.

EUROPE IS WAKING UP.

The total abstinence movement among students in Europe has reached a stage of considerable importance. According to the latest reports there are fourteen organizations, each with many local branches, representing eleven different countries, and a membership of more than twelve thousand. Ten of the organizations publish journals, and the others circulate literature. In the United States, practical study of the alcohol question was taken up last year by students in one hundred colleges and universities. The temperance work of the national association alone reached last year forty-six thousand college men and women.—Young People.

ROTTEN GRAPES AND ROTTEN EGGS. Dr. Hinde, the head of the leading hospital for the insane in Denmark, that at Scandenberg, is an enthusiastic reformer in cooking and diet, as well as a great temperance man. Further than this, he delights in raising his own fruit and vegetables. His grapes are of the finest quality, and a source of unfailing pleasure to him in his leisure hours. But he doesn't "allow them to be destroyed by ferment cells by making them into wine." "I believe in fresh grapes just as I believe in fresh eggs," said he, recently.—Union Signal.

LIQUOR ADVERTISING HELD ILLEGAL